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AN
ESSAY
UPON THE
Taste *and* Writings
OF THE
PRESENT TIMES,

BUT WITH
A more particular View to POLITICAL
and DRAMATICK WRITINGS.

Occasion'd by a late Volume of

MISCELLANIES

BY

A. POPE, *Esq;* and Dr. SWIFT.

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable
Sir Robert Walpole.

By a Gentleman of C — ft C — h, Oxon.

O Shame, where is thy Blush! Hamlet.

Who rich in Spleen, tho' meanly poor of Spirit,
Wou'd raise false Fame by crushing real Merit.

W — t — d.

L O N D O N:

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To the Right Honourable

Sir *Robert Walpole*,

Chancellor of the *Exchequer*, &c.

S I R,



Doubt not but the World will accuse me of the highest Presumption, for inscribing this Trifle to your great Name, and making you a kind of Party in private Controversies; but they will be more surprized, when I declare, that the Subject of it may
A 2 claim

DEDICATION.

claim your more particular Patronage.

Yet I hope their Surprize will cease, as soon as they consider, that you have always made the Commonwealth of Learning your *Second* Care, and that as many of those important Hours of your Life, as could be spared from the Service of your King and Country, have still been employed in the Search after Men of Merit and Learning; To whom then should the Assertors of injured Merit fly for Protection, but to its common Patron and Benefactor?

'Tis with the highest Pleasure, that all the *learned Societies* of this Kingdom have of late Years observed, that now no other Arts are necessary to qualify them for the most distinguished Honours both in Church and State, besides Learning and Probity; and that that Modesty which is essential to Merit, is no longer a Bar to their
Preferment,

DEDICATION.

Preferment, but the most engaging Credentials to a *British* Court. Now they see those great Genius's that have been selected from among them, and produced to the World by a *Somers*, a *Hallifax*, or a *Godolphin*, placed by you round the Throne of a most gracious Monarch, and there flourishing under the Royal Sun-shine. Ministers thus gloriously employed in the Advancement of Merit, may be compared to those blessed guardian Spirits, who are continually busying themselves in the Protection of righteous Men, in inspiring them with pure Thoughts of Love and Duty, and at last in waisting them to those eternal Mansions prepared for them by the Deity.

But since I just now mentioned those three illustrious Patriots, it would be unpardonable not to take Notice of one highly injured of late, who was theirs, and (a few envious Men excepted) this whole Nation's Darling,

DEDICATION.

ing, I mean the ingenious Mr. *Addison*: In whose Praise it will be sufficient to say, that by his Writings he deserved so highly of the illustrious House of *Hanover*, that tho' he received the most uncommon Marks of their Royal Favour, they must for ever remain indebted to him. — After what has been here said of this great Man, I shall not be ashamed to confess to you, that to vindicate his Writings from some late unjust and malicious Cavils, was my first Motive to undertake this Work.

But, Sir, there is another Part of this Work, which calls for the most artful Apology, and for which it would be the highest Vanity in me to hope for your Approbation; I mean those political Reflections, in which I have presumed (after the publick Representation of a *British* Parliament) to defend our present happy Administration, from the unjust Aspersions of our infamous Scriblers. For
it

DEDICATION

it may be thought a kind of Insolence in a private Subject, either to justify or condemn the Conduct of Patriots, which has received the Approbation of the wisest Monarch, and been proclaimed Honourable by the publick Voice of a Nation: Yet, Sir, when we hear those very Actions publicly aspersed by a few infamous Scriblers, made the Jest of thoughtless Mechanicks, and the Support of every petty Coffee-house; when we behold an * *Examiner* revived and encouraged, how is it possible to restrain an honest, tho' unartful Zeal, from breaking out into the warmest Resentment, and endeavouring to reconcile Men to their own Happiness?

For my own Part, I here publicly profess to you, that tho' this Piece should not have the Fortune to receive your Approbation, yet I have con-

* Craftsman.

DEDICATION.

ceived so just an Indignation at the mean Attempts of some of our present Party-writers, that I shall never be able to forbear endeavouring to expose their injurious Treatment of the Ministry: In short, That while a *Walpole* is labouring to raise the *British* Nation to the highest Pitch of Wealth and Grandeur, it may not be in the Power of every starving Journalist to render those glorious Labours useless. *I am,*

S I R,

*Your most devoted, and
most obedient Servant.*

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AN
ESSAY
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OF THE
PRESENT TIMES, &c.



DOUBT not but the Publick will be surpriz'd at my entering so late into this Paper-War, when the Heat of the Battle is so far over, that I may seem either to have shun'd the Engagement through Fear, or to revive it now through Ill-nature. But when they consider how impossible it is for a Man in a Passion to forbear *calling Names*, and what
B lamentable

lamentable Instances we have lately seen of that Nature, they will, I hope, confess that it would have been difficult, in the Beginning of this Controversy, to preserve that Impartiality ; by which I intend to distinguish this from other Party-Writings. Indeed most of the Remarks which have yet appear'd upon this Miscellany, discover such unhappy Passion and unfortunate Scurrility, that they have undesignedly given it the only Advantage and Justification it was capable of receiving, *viz.* being answer'd in its *own Way*. Some have ransack'd the Author's whole Works in search after a wrong Quantity, or false Spelling. I fancy it would have been a diverting Sight to have overlook'd one of those turning over, in a melancholy and despairing Manner, whole Pages crouded with Beauties, and then again recovering from the Fright, and hugging himself at the Sight of some poor straggling Letter, or Comma misplac'd. Others, instead of the Writings, have satisfy'd themselves with criticizing upon the Person of the Author, and have supply'd the Want of a lame Verse by the Discovery of a distorted Limb or Feature. In short, they have all conspir'd to heap such an *additional* Load of Scandal upon him, as I am afraid he will never be able to bear :

Humeri quod ferre recusent.

Yet

Yet how unjust and severe soever the Treatment those two Gentlemen have lately receiv'd, may seem, I fear their Behaviour of late Years has been such as will scarce deserve even the Pity of understanding Men. The Publick might, perhaps, have forgiven Mr. *Pope's* patching up a Translation from different Hands, which he himself had promis'd them, or bartering an imperfect Edition of *Shakespear* for plentiful Subscriptions (and some other Disappointments of that Nature); this they would have patiently suffered, and thought their Pardon due to that great Genius, which once gave them the *Iliad*: But when, instead of clearing the Way to Fame, he maliciously busieth himself in spurning back others,

When being grown too fond to rule alone,

Bears, like the Turk, no Brother near the
[Throne,

in libelling the whole Body of the most perfect Writers of the Nation; might it not be well expected that they would have so little Command of their Passion, as to return him his own Usage?

He who gives himself the Trouble to crush indifferent Writings, which are in no Danger of becoming Patterns of Imitation, undertakes an unnecessary invidious Task, and must certainly enjoy a strange Redundancy of Spleen. Every prudent Man will rather suffer such Weeds to die away of themselves, than foil himself in plucking them up. And I think it is a pretty Thought which Dr. Young has of such kind of Authors, where he says, they are

*But Bubbles on the rapid Stream of Time,
That rise and fall, that swell and are no more,
Burst and forgot ten Thousand in an Hour.*

Sat. 2.

But if a severe Treatment of indifferent Authors be such an invidious Employment, how odious must he appear in the Eyes of Men, who makes a general undistinguish'd Attack upon the whole Body of Writers, and, like the Tyrant of old, wishes to dispatch a whole Nation by one Stroke?

This is just the Case of Mr. Pope. — The poor Gentleman had long found himself upon the Decline, his Strength failing him, his
Credit

Credit and Reputation sinking; in short, he was just setting in the Poetical Hemisphere, when he resolves to make one last Push for all, and vainly endeavours to evade his Fall by levelling others with himself. Methinks this is repeating the celebrated Barbarity of *Herod*, who fearing lest he shou'd want Mourners at his Funeral, order'd several Thousands of his good Subjects to be enclos'd in the Theatre, and there butcher'd at his Death, to improve the pious Sorrows of the rest of his Kingdom.

Indeed, not only Mr. *Pope*, but the whole Company seems of late Years to have shamefully lagg'd in the Race of Fame, and have endeavoured, by I know not what kind of Jockey-Play, to deter all others from any further Pursuit. Hence arise those innumerable Swarms of Jest, Lampoons, &c. which they have dispers'd over the Face of the whole Nation, and have been the perpetual Scourge of those, who have had the Insolence to attempt any thing serious or useful without their Leave.—By such Pieces of Ridicule they have almost erected themselves into Judges; so that the young Adventurer in Fame is oblig'd to take out his Passport from them, or he runs the Risque of being *whipp'd* by every petty Scribler.—But of all those Tyrants that have, in any Age or Nation,
made

made themselves dreadful by any of the various Parts of Ridicule, there was perhaps never one that equall'd in Power our most facetious Countryman Dr. *Swift*. For by this one single Talent he has reign'd absolute in the witty World for upwards of 30 Years.—He has open'd a Vein of Humour, which in the most humorous Nation of the World was never heard of before. And of all the mirthful Men I ever read of, I think that inimitable Character of *Biron* in * *Shakespear* is more applicable to none than the Doctor ;

*His Eye begets Occasion for Wit ;
For every Object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving Jest ;
Which his fair Tongue (Conceit's Expofitor)
Delivers in fuch apt, and gracious Words,
That aged Years play truant to his Tales,
And younger Hearings are quite ravished.*

Love's Labour loft.

* Love's Labour loft.

But it has been the Doctor's Misfortune (as it is of most absolute Sovereigns) to make an ill Use of his Power over us. — 'Tis the Temper of the *British* Nation to be always most pleased with those political Writers, who labour to convince them that they are an unhappy People, and to put them out of Humour with the present Scheme of Government. This Caprice springs from a kind of Wantonness in Prosperity, and is always most discovered under a happy Administration. Yet how violent soever this Temper may be, we never suffer any but our own Countrymen to speak of us to our Disadvantage ; like some surly Fathers, who engross to themselves the sole Privilege of abusing their own Children. This Secret in our Temper the Doctor perfectly understands, and has accordingly made an excellent Use of it. For by a continual Succession of ludicrous Pamphlets, containing sometimes sly Insinuations of Mismanagement, and at other times bold Jokes upon the Ministry, he has been the most popular Author, or (to use his Friend Mr. *Mist*'s Encomium upon him) has made the *greatest Noise* of any Writer in this Age. By his peculiar Skill in libelling, he was able to make the expertest General upon Earth, as ridiculous as any pacifick Hero of them all ; and by

a Story about a Cock and a *Bull*, turned a War, which makes the most shining Figure in the *British Annals*, into as errant a Farce as ever was acted at *Bartholomew's*. Thus he is a kind of *Midas* reversed, and, by I know not what Magick, whatsoever he touches immediately turns to Dross: Thus a religious * Prelate, weeping over the Iniquities of a degenerate Age, comes out from the Doctor's Hands a pitiful whining *Grubstreet* Scribler: Thus he formerly proved the Duke of *Marlborough* to be no General; and thus he now proves a *W——le* no Statesman.

I know not whether or no my Apprehensions are vain, but I fear the Doctor has of late begun to degenerate, and to lose that happy Scurrility, of which he was formerly Master. I am afraid he has at last unfortunately fallen into Mr. *Mist's* Hands, and now joins Forces with him, and some other unfortunate pillory'd Patriots. I don't pretend to determine any thing certainly of this melancholy Affair; I only suspect it from the mutual Assistance and Encomiums which they have lately given to each other.

* Bishop of St. *Asaph*. See Misc. Pref. to *John Bull*.

After this short historical Account of those two modern Hectors, it is now Time to take a particular View of the Miscellany, which is the proposed Subject of this Treatise. But here I must premise, that in doing this, I do not intend to follow the Example of some late Controversial Writers, who think themselves obliged to take their Adversaries Sentiments, and abuse them by Lump, but am resolved to grant them whatever Beauties they can with Justice claim. Therefore I here allow them, that the Scheme of the Essay upon the *Bathos*, is very ingeniously calculated for a comprehensive Libel, and that a happy and uncommon Vein of Scurrility runs through every Part of it: I am likewise very well satisfied with the Accuracy and Labour used in the Collection made from our *British Homer* of the *Bathos*, (as they call him) and some other his Imitators, and question whether it can be improved by the exactest rural Pedagogue that ever taught *Lilly*. Yet whatever Value I may have for those more finished Parts of the Essay, I hope they will not sway me to any Partiality towards the several unjust and ill-natur'd Criticisms interspersed through that Composition. Of such I think those upon some Parts of Mr. *Addison's* Works to deserve our chief Notice. For in these they have used a very

unwarrantable Method of examining the Merit of an Author. Instead of fairly quoting the Author's Thoughts in full, they have raked together a Parcel of straggling Lines, which being dispersed at a Distance through a Poem, tho' they have nothing extraordinary in themselves, may give a very agreeable Shade to the more glaring Parts of it. This kind of Criticism is just as if a Painter, in drawing the Complection of some celebrated Beauty, should only give us a confused Collection of Moles and other Parts of the Face, which being disposed in proper Parts are its greatest Ornaments. I only leave it to any impartial Reader of the *Campaign* to judge, whether or no those Lines, which are collected out of that immortal Poem, in *pag. 58.* of this Essay, are not very pardonable in the Original.

But Mr. *Addison* hath in two other Places, besides this of the *Campaign*, suffered, if possible, a more barbarous Treatment. The first of the Passages I mean, is the Conclusion of his Epistle to Mr. *Henry Sacheverel*, where he intimates a Design he then had of going into Holy Orders. The Words are these:

I have

*I have done at length, and now, dear Friend,
[receive,
The last poor Present that my Muse can give.*

*I leave the Arts of Poetry and Verse
To them that practise them with more Success:
Of greater Truths I now prepare to tell,
And so, at once, both Friend and Muse, farewell.*

These they censure as low and mean, and place the Author of them in the Circumstance of that honest Citizen, who had made Prose all his Life without knowing it. I wonder what these nice Gentlemen would be at here ! Can any thing in the World be more easy and agreeable than this, if we consider every Circumstance of it ? But, alas ! the Times are alter'd since Mr. *Addison* lived in the World : In those Days it was thought most agreeable to Nature, for two Friends, in their familiar Letters, to use an easy unaffected Expression, free from all Tinsel Phrases, and as naked as their Souls themselves. If this short Sentiment were to be expressed in these our Days, in which we are so generally given to elevate and surprize, and all that, as Mr. *Bays* has it, we should see far finer

Work made of it ; and used like one of those which my Lord Roscommon says, being

Drawn to French Wire would through whole Pages shine.

I wish Mr. Pope would take upon him the Improvement of it ; I fancy it would then make just such a Figure as those inimitable Pieces of Finesse in his *Odysssey* ; such as this Description of the shutting of a Door,

The Door reclor'd ;

The Bolt, obedient to the silken Cord,

To the strong Staple's inmost Depth restor'd,

Secur'd the Valves. ———

Or this ; where instead, of telling us in good intelligible *English*, that *Penelope* heard the Mirth of the Suitors ; to elevate it forsooth, he says ;

The shrilling Airs the vaulted Roof rebounds,

Reflecting to the Queen the silver Sounds.

The second Passage which is quoted in the Essay, is Part of a Translation of the 3d Ode in the 3d Book of *Horace*. This too

too he ranges under the low and familiar Class ; and indeed takes the most effectual Method to convince the Reader, by transposing the Lines, and entirely breaking the Connection of them. The best Way therefore that I can take to shew the Injustice of this Criticism, is, to place the whole Stanza in its natural Order and Situation ; which is this :

*Shou'd the whole Frame of Nature round him
[break,
In Ruin and Confusion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd wou'd hear the mighty Crack,
And stand unmov'd amidst a falling World.*

The Essayist has it thus :

*Shou'd the whole Frame of Nature round him
[break,
He unconcern'd wou'd hear the mighty Crack,*

With what admirable Ingenuity has he here reduced one of the noblest Sentiments expressed in the most elegant Turn of Verse that ever was read ! This is playing a kind of Legerdemain with the Understanding of the Reader, and far surpasses all

all the surprizing Dexterities by Sleight of Hand, &c. performed by the ingenious Mr. *Fawkes*.

It were an endless Task to enumerate the many little Aspersions which this Essayist has cast upon all sorts of Writers. I hope, those which have been recounted upon Mr. *Addison* are sufficient to raise the Indignation of every true Patron of good Sense and good Manners ; against the last of which our Author has committed innumerable Offences.

It is indeed wonderful that Mr. *Pope* can be possess'd with so much Spleen, as to quarrel with an Age which has produc'd the most candid and indulgent Criticks upon his own Works, that his highest Vanity could have wish'd for ; A * Critick who has even invented new Names of Criticism to praise him, and discover'd Beauties which have escap'd the Observation of every *Aristotle*, from the first Dawn of Poetry down to this Day. I think this ingenious Gentleman fully deserves the universal Thanks of the Commonwealth of Learning, for daring to appear so singular, as to revive in those carp-

* See Mr. *Spence's* Essays upon the *Odyssey*, p. 185. and several others.

ing Days that generous Strain of Criticism which runs thro' all Mr. *Addison's* Works.

But Mr. *Pope* is now so diametrically opposite to what this Gentleman lately drew him, that one wou'd imagine (if he be not entirely steel'd) he must blush at the Sight of this Eulogium, and take it for a perfect Satire upon his present Behaviour.

Of all the innumerable Arguments which concur to prove that Wit is at a low Ebb among us at present, I think there is none more convincing than the notorious Vein of Scandal which runs thro' all our late Pamphlets. 'Tis the vain Temper of most Men to ridicule whatever Good they themselves are incapable of. Thus they, who despair of ever equalling Mr. *Addison*, immediately apply themselves to abuse him; and as it was his peculiar Study to raise this Nation in his Time, to the highest Pitch of Politeness, so I am afraid our Wits will have no Employment in these Days, but to depress him, and to rescue us from the insupportable Tyranny of his Writings, which are almost in Danger of making us a great and religious People. Thus, perhaps, it may prove a great Misfortune to the present Times, that he, and Sir *Richard Steele*, and some other ingenious Gentlemen, carried the several Branches of polite Learning, such as
Dramatick,

Dramatick, Political, &c. to so high a Perfection, as has left them incapable of receiving further Improvement from our most celebrated Wits. For I take that to be the true Reason of their applying themselves so universally to those trifling and ridiculous Compositions, which have continually pester'd the Publick for these six Months past. Hence all those numerous Swarms of Mock-Epicks, Mock-Operas, mock every Thing, which have, like so many Locusts, rose and overspread the whole Face of the Land of Learning, and have so entirely destroy'd all its more generous and noble Productions. I have lately heard of an Evil of a very uncommon Nature, which I should be sorry to attribute to the facetious Works of our fashionable Authors; yet I am sadly afraid they will be found the Occasion of it. The Country Gentlemen in almost every Part of the Nation, complain, that their Farmers, who had been all along thought to be of a sober Life and Conversation, have been universally seized by a strange Frenzy ever since the last Winter, which has put as many as were able to purchase a Fool's Cap and Fox Tail with a Silver-laced Hat, upon acting Plays, Farces, Opera's, &c. to the utter Depopulation of Maidenheads, and the no small Detriment of the ensuing Harvest.

I heard

I heard a Story too from a Gentleman the other Day, which persuades me that this merry Frenzy has possessed the Minds of Men of all Ranks and Conditions whatsoever. He told me, that having lately an Occasion to use the Discipline of the Cane upon his Servant for some Neglect of Duty, the Fellow surprized him by twisting his Body into a very piteous theatrical Air, and at last breaking out into a * doleful *Tyburn* Ditty to move his Compassion, such a one as would have made,

Even Butchers weep !

He says besides, that he has discovered that the Rogue affects a great Inconstancy in his Amours, and has accordingly half a Dozen neglected *Phillis's* in the Parish fighting for him, besides two poor languishing *Polly's* in his own Family, striving to win him from each other, by making him stolen Presents of Wines and Sweetmeats, and by all the little Arts which usually endear Persons of their Condition to one another, and which are generally practised at the Expence of their Masters.

* The Beggars Opera.

I could not help smiling at a young Student the other Day, who has the Misfortune to know no other Rules of criticising upon a Dramatick Performance, besides those old musty ones laid down by *Aristotle*, *Horace*, &c. which are now grown entirely obsolete. He had been just reading the *Beggars Opera*, when, with an innocent Amazement in his Looks, he comes to me, and asks me, How it was possible for so unnatural a Piece ever to meet with such uncommon Encouragement, in a Country in which so many Thousands at this Day pretend to common Sense? Nothing sure could have made this young Gentleman so singular in his Judgment, but a total Ignorance of those admirable Improvements which the immortal *Rich* has made upon the Drama, and the inexpressible midnight Charms of the enchanting *Polly Peachum*. How must the poor ignorant Creature have blushed, had he blundered out such a Notion amidst a Circle of more polite Tupees? What Sneering, what elegant Raillery would there have been upon our poor Scholar? Each Man would have sworn he read *Greek* and *Latin* in every Feature of his Face, and that he saw the Trammels of a Scholastick Gown still dangling about his Feet.

But

But to be serious: I can't help thinking that 'tis strange this Performance should, after the publick Taste had been so long refining by those excellent daily Papers, such as the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, &c. be able to enchant a whole Nation so long, tho' it were assisted by the *midnight Charmers* of *Drury-Lane*, *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, and the *Hay-Market*, all combined together. If a Writer had an Inclination to quarrel with the present Age, he could not write a more severe Satire upon it, than transmitting the *Beggars Opera* (if it were by any means possible) down to Posterity with this plain Advertisement, *viz.* That in the first Year of the Reign of King George II. when all the Works of *Shakespear*, *Ben Johnson*, *Fletcher*, and *Steele* were acted with the nicest Judgment, and while a *Congreve* was yet a living Spectator, this Opera became the most fashionable Entertainment of the whole Nation, and had a Run of sixty-two Nights.

Having touched upon our Dramatick Representations, I find it impossible to forbear giving a short Account of the present State of our two rival Theatres, how invidious soever such a Work may prove. This Inclination is very much heightened by the Sight of that scurrilous Libel, which

the Authors of the Miscellanies have annexed to their Essay upon the *Bathos*. Against which nothing, I believe, will more effectually raise my Reader's Indignation, than an exact Repetition of the Author's own Words; which are thus: — “ It
 “ may be thought that we should not
 “ wholly omit the Drama, which makes
 “ so great and so lucrative a Part of Poetry.
 “ But this Province is so well taken Care
 “ of by the present Managers of the
 “ Theatre, that it is perfectly needless to
 “ suggest to them any other Method than
 “ they have already practised for the Advancement of the *Bathos*.

“ Here therefore, in the Name of all our
 “ Brethren, let me return our sincere and
 “ humble Thanks to the most august Mr.
 “ *B--t--n Booth*, the most serene Mr.
 “ *William Wilks*, and the most undaunted
 “ *Colley Cibber*; of whom let it be known
 “ when the People of this Age shall be *An-*
 “ *cestors*, and to all the *Succession* of our
 “ *Successors*, that to this present Day they
 “ continue to *outdo* their own *Outdoings*;
 “ and when the inevitable Hand of Sweep-
 “ ing Time shall have brush'd off all the
 “ Works of *To-day*, may this Testimony of
 “ a contemporary Critick to their Fame, be
 “ extended as far as *To-morrow*!” — Not to
 observe here the Falsity of this Ridicule,
 and

and this scandalous Treatment of three of the best Actors in *Europe*, how superlatively flat and stupid are those Epithets, *most August*, *most Serene*, and *most Undaunted*! One wou'd almost suspect from the poor impotent Railing in this Piece, that the Essayist had lifted himself among those petty Scriblers, who are hir'd to make a weekly Cry against the Theatre, and making Converts in Conjunction with Mr. *Mist* and his Brethren.

It has often been observ'd, that when there are two Houses, they do not outvie each other by such Representations as tend to the Instruction and Ornament of Life, but by introducing mimical Dances, and fulsome Buffoonries. The *Tatler* complains that this was the Case in his Days, and describes the ill Effects of it so judiciously, and so agreeably to the present State of Affairs, that I shall transcribe the whole Paragraph, as it stands in Vol. 2. No. 99.

When an excellent Tragedy, *says he*, is to be acted in one House, the Ladder-dancer carrieth the whole Town to the other: and indeed such an Evil as this, must be the natural Consequence of two Theatres, as certainly as there are more who can *see* than can *think*. Every one is *sensible* of the Danger of the Fellow on the

the Ladder, and can see his Activity in coming down safe ; but very few are Judges of the Distress of the Hero in a Play, or of his manner of Behaviour in those Circumstances.

Thus, to please the People, two Houses must entertain them with what they can understand, and not with Things which are design'd to improve their Understanding : And the readiest Way to gain good Audiences, must be to offer such Things as are most relish'd by the Crowd ; that is to say, immodest Action, empty Show, or impertinent Activity. In short, two Houses cannot subsist but by Means which are contradictory to the very Institution of a Theatre in a well-govern'd Kingdom.—As high as this Notion may seem to be carry'd, yet, I believe, whoever reads this with a View to our present theatrical Representations, will be fully convinc'd of the Truth of it. Else, how cou'd it be possible that the whole Town shou'd run a whole Winter after one slight Performance, and leave those poor mistaken Gentlemen (who had thought it no Derogation to their Merit, to neglect the fashionable Accomplishments of Singing, cutting Capers, &c.) to chuse whether they wou'd feed upon the Conscience of their virtuous Attempts to reform their Countrymen in
bare

bare Walls, or outvie their Rivals by metamorphising themselves into Harlequins, Statues, and flying Dragons?

Whatever the fond Prejudices of our old Men wou'd suggest in Favour of the Actors of the last Age, who flourish'd in the *happy Days of their Youth*, I can't help thinking that we are entertain'd at present with as fine a Set as ever trod the *British Stage*.

To be convinc'd of the Truth of this, we need only take a View of its most shining Ornaments; of which I shall here just draw the Outlines.

Methinks 'tis surprizing that any Author, who has occasion to speak publicly of Mr. *Wilks*, shou'd be able to find any Thing to lay to his Charge, except it be that he has been so long the Subject of Panegyrick to the politest Writers in our Nation, that it is almost impossible to say any thing *new* in his Praise.

He has for many Years been the principal Support of the Theatre, yet still advances as in Years so in the Admiration of his Countrymen. And tho' he has now enter'd into that Part of Life, in which we are commonly dead to all the agreeable Sensations

sations which Wit and Beauty once gave us, and in which we are entirely deserted by the Graces of a youthful Person; yet by I know not what magical Art he is still equal to the gayest Pictures of Youth, that have ever been drawn by the warmest Imaginations of our best Poets. Who, that sees him *bowing* and labouring under the common Offices of Life, wou'd be persuaded to believe, that he can in the Moment that he treads the Stage, assume the Hero, the Lover, or any other Character which makes Men lovely in the Eyes of their fellow Creatures, and act them with as much Vivacity, as they have ever been discharg'd with in real Life?

How many Thousands of the Youth of this Nation have learnt from *Wilks* to beseech gracefully, to approach respectfully, to pity, to mourn, and to love; in short, to do every thing that contributes to engraft the fine Gentleman upon the Christian, or (to use the Expression of an ingenious Author) makes them go to Heaven with a good Grace! I know not whether or no I am fondly prejudic'd in his Favour; but I have often thought that we owe many of the Patriots and Heroes which have rose so numerous in the late Reigns, to the beautiful Lights in which he shews those Characters upon the Stage; and can't help looking upon Him,

Him, and the Duke of *Marlborough*, as joint Assertors of the Liberties of *Europe*.— Such an Actor as this, is of the same Use to his Countrymen, that the old Statue which is shewn at *Rome*, and is called *Michael Angelo's School*, has been to the most celebrated Statuaries and Painters of that Country ; who are all reported to have stolen their greatest Excellencies from it.

Mr. *Cibber* has, by his Office of Censor, been so much expos'd to the Ridicule of our late Pamphleteers, that it is, I fear, unpopular to speak any thing favourable of him. Yet notwithstanding all the Clamours which have been rais'd against him, I can't help thinking, that if we consider him in the two different Capacities of Author and Player, he deserves a much milder Treatment from the Publick, than he has generally met with. The *Careless Husband*, *Sir Novelty Fashion*, and the surprizing Improvements lately made upon a Play of *Sir John Vanbrugh's*, might, one wou'd imagine, make sufficient Atonement for the Offences he has committed in that Sort of Writing. In most of the Dramatical Compositions which he has given the Town, he has happily adapted each Part to the particular Abilities of the Actor, and suited it as exactly to the Turn of his Mind, as

his Cloaths are to his Body. But what I take to be most extraordinary, is, that he should have such a perfect Knowledge of *himself*, as to chuse those Parts (tho' generally *deform'd* by some Affectation) which he is able to represent with the exactest Propriety.

But if we change the Scene, and consider him only as an Actor, we must pronounce him perfectly compleat. As *Wilks* has a singular Talent in representing the Graces of Nature, so *Cibber* excels in mimicking the Deformity in the Affectation of them. He is blest'd with such a happy Squeak in the Tone of his Voice, and is so entirely vers'd in all the affected Airs and Grimaces of a Coxcomb, that there is scarce one among all the various Dresses of Folly, which doth not fit him as well as the Owner. Thus he hits the Fondling of an old impotent Husband, or the flat Civility of a Gentleman-Usher, as well as the nice and delicate Abuse of Understanding in a tender Toupée, or the false Pretences to Gallantry in a flashy young Heir. In short, he seems to be a kind of Knight of the Shire, that represents the whole Race of *Foppingtons*, and cures the Youth of this Nation of their Vanity and Assurance, just as

as the *brazen* Serpent formerly did the Children of *Israel*, by being look'd upon. If he be of such Service to us in his fictitious Character upon the Stage, methinks we ought to forgive that Affectation which sometimes discovers itself in his Compositions, such as Prefaces, Dedications, &c. since it may proceed from his acting it so much to the Life in the Theatre, for our Diversion and Improvement.

It was my Design at first to have drawn here the Characters of most of the Actors in both Theatres; but I find the Work begin to grow so upon my Hands, that I must content myself with those two, and reserve the rest for an entire Treatise by itself. The whole Drama is at present so well perform'd, both in its serious and ridiculous Parts, that to give each his due Praise, wou'd swell this short Essay into a much larger Size than was intended. To raise in ourselves a just Esteem of their particular Excellencies, we need only consider (upon Supposition that the present Set was gone off) whom we would chuse to succeed in their several Places.

If we make this Trial, I am afraid we shall find ourselves in the Circumstances of that Commonwealth, which, upon

some Disgust, rose against their Leaders, and surrounded them in their Senate-House, with a full Resolution to put them immediately to the Sword : When one, a little cooler than the rest, propos'd, that they should make an Election of new Senators before they dispatch'd the old ones : Upon which, tho' each propos'd his own *Favourite* Politician, yet every Candidate was rejected by the general Voice ; so that they were very glad in the End to have Recourse to their old Senators, and accordingly petition'd them to receive them again under their Protection.

By this Piece of History I am (I know not how) happily reminded of the last and most material Part of my Subject propos'd in the Title, *viz.* our late *Political* Writings. Works of this Nature, in whatever Shape they appear, whether as solid Twelvepenny or Sixpenny Pamphlets, allegorical weekly Essays, or smart diminutive Jokes, and satirical Sonnets, have all an incredible Influence upon Persons of all Ranks and Conditions in this Island of Politicians. I have known a whole Parish in a remote County converted by one single Song, which had been dispers'd among them upon some such extraordinary Emergency as the Election of a Burgess or Mayor. Thus we frequently meet
with

with strenuous Partisans, who have been fix'd in their Political Principles by some smart Joke, which, when any Dispute happens to rise upon State Affairs, they always take Care to introduce, perhaps to the no small Confusion of their Adversaries. And here I can't help observing, that this short Method of disputing is very often made Use of in Religious Controversies: Thus we often hear well-dress'd *Roman Catholicks*, who (like *Tinsel in the Drummer*) *having not had Time to look into those musty Affairs themselves*, in Disputes upon the Reformation, will content themselves with telling you (with a mighty pretty Sneer) that the Reformation certainly came out of King *Harry's* Breeches!

In the Beginning of his late Majesty's Reign, there was an uncommon Bickering among all Sorts of Political Writers. This Contention among them then was not only about the Choice of a Ministry, but they had often the Insolence to reach to our Royal Sovereign himself, and to discuss the Right of his Succession to the Crown. We shall not be surpriz'd at this, if we look back into the *English* History, where we shall always find the first Monarch of a new Line receiv'd with Opposition, and reconciling to himself

self by Degrees the Duty and Affection of his People. The Government is observ'd, on such Occasions, to be always shaken before it settles.

But this Disaffection not only discover'd itself at the Beginning of his Majesty's Reign in an open Rebellion, but liv'd long after in the scandalous Pamphlets, and foolish Stories, which were industriously dispers'd over the whole Nation. For tho' the *Highland* Bagpipes ceas'd, and their Musick died at *Preston*, yet those eternal Bagpipes of Sedition, the *Journalists*, still continued to play their weekly Tunes to the Publick. We shall almost think them incredible, if we reflect upon the strange Stories which were set abroad to prejudice the Minds of Men against his Majesty's Person and Government, and how readily they were swallow'd by the mad Populace. I remember since it was receiv'd as an undoubted Truth, in several Counties of *England*, that those Gentlemen who were commission'd to invite his Majesty to the Throne of his Ancestors, found him very busy in a little Garden at *Hanover* in sowing of Turnips. Nay, so infatuated in those Days were several of the Pretender's Friends, that they would often have given us shrewd Hints, that the Prince
of

of *Wales* had so particular a Respect for the Chevalier, that if ever he came to the Crown, he would most certainly make a Present of it to him. By these, and such like senseless Reports, the Affections of his Subjects were so long alienated from his late Majesty, that I can't help thinking, that the Abatement of those Prejudices which appear'd before his Death, was more owing to Time than to all his gracious Condescensions, his wise Choice of Ministers, the continual Improvements made upon our Commerce, which made that most excellent Monarch so revered Abroad, and has since render'd us the Envy of all *Europe*.

Since his present Majesty's Accession to the Throne, we have had the Pleasure of seeing all those various Jealousies lost in one universal Emulation of Loyalty, and nothing is now heard but the Acclamations of a willing People. Now the Muses daily rival each other, in celebrating the illustrious Virtues of their Royal Mistress, who is at once the Theme and Patron of their Song; Which uncommon Advantage Dr. *Young* has shewn in these elegant Lines:

When

*When in my Page, to balance numerous Faults,
Or godlike Deeds were shewn, or generous Thoughts,
She smil'd, industrious to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my Pen the borrow'd Lustre drew.*

*Thus the Majestick Mother of Mankind,
To her own Charms most amiably blind,
On the green Margin innocently stood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal Flood;
Survey'd the Stranger in the painted Wave,
And, smiling, prais'd the Beauties which she gave.*

Yet even in these golden Days it would be unreasonable in our Ministers of State to hope to be at Ease: For as long as there is any Gentleman in this Kingdom that prefers a good Dinner before Reputation, or (as the *Dunciad* has it) that

— weighs

Solid Pudding against empty Praise;

In short, as long as there are so many thousand poor Statesmen, who know themselves to be more fit for the Administration of Affairs than any of his Majesty's Servants, but have the Misfortune not to be able to convince his Majesty of it, so long must our Ministers expect to have their Merits undergo a weekly Examination, and become either the Contention or the Jest of every Coffee-house.

If the Comparison were not too ludicrous, I should think a Prime Minister is pretty much in the same Circumstances with a Coachman, who is by his Situation expos'd to the dirty Insults of every petty Passenger, and liable to have all his Dexterity baffled by their Malice; and (which is still more melancholy) frequently at the same Time suffers from the Spleen and Passion of his Master, who lolls behind at his Ease: For Princes at this Day, upon proper Occasions, revive the * old Custom of making their Servants fight their Battels in their Royal Robes, and by that Stratagem often ward off the Danger from their own Persons.

* See *Shakespear's History of King Henry the IVth.*

It is prettily observ'd, † that Followers at Court are like Followers on the Road, who first bespatter those that go before, and then tread on their Heels: If this Observation always hold good, we might long ago have suspected the present Ministry to be in a very declining Condition. For I believe there was never yet seen in old *England* such a Profusion of Calumny, such Swarms of Political Lyes, as have been lately dispers'd over the Nation.

Not to mention the continual Succession which we have had of solid Essays upon Government, *Occasional Writers*, *Critiques upon the Times*, &c. which have been daily dying off for these last two Years, and are now all quite sunk under their own Weight; we need only take a short View of those tremendous Warriors, the *Journalists*, and we shall soon see what Havock has been made among Reputations of all Sorts.

And here I cannot forbear prefixing, for the Diversion of the Reader, an ele-

† *Swift's Miscellanies*, Vol. II. p. 345.

gant Description of this War from the
finest Satirist that this or any other Age
has produced.

*In more than Civil War now Patriots storm,
Now Genius is but cold, their Passion warm;
Now publick Good aloft, in Pomp, they wield,
And private Interest skulks behind the Shield;
Now M---t and Wilkins rise in Weekly Might,
Make Presses groan, lead Senators to fight,
Exalt our Coffee with Lampoons, and treat
The pamper'd Mob with Ministers of State:
Now Ate hot from Hell makes Heroes shrink,
Cries, Havock! and lets loose the Dogs of Ink;
Nor Rank nor Sex escapes the general Frown,
But Ladies are ript up, and Cits knock'd down.
Tremendous Farce! where even the Victor bleeds,
And he deserves our Pity that succeeds.*

Universal Passion, Sat. 6.

The most distinguish'd Combatants that now appear upon the Stage of Politicks, are Mr. *Mist*, and *Caleb D'Anvers*, Esquire. The Virtues of these two are so various, that it would be the highest Injustice to speak of them only in general, therefore I will endeavour to point out the more peculiar Marks of both their Characters.

Mist has for many Years been distinguish'd from all other Patriots by an uncommon Zeal for supporting the Interest of the *British* Nation, which he has often exerted even in Opposition to the Laws themselves. For, alas! poor Man! frequently when he has bless'd himself with the Hopes of gaining the glorious Character of a publick Spirit among his Countrymen, and labour'd to redress the numerous Grievances which he alone had the Penetration to discover, his pious Intentions have been most barbarously misconstrued through the Ignorance of our Legislature. Thus it is to this Day a Matter of Astonishment to several thousand Well-wishers to their Country, that this great Oracle of Politicks should receive such frequent Stops as it has from Fines, Imprisonments, Pillories, and several other Severities, which the Law used formerly

formerly to inflict upon none but the most infamous Libellers.

When our Party Dissentions were so far decay'd, that they scarce survived even in Name, *Mist* always shew'd an indefatigable Zeal in reviving the old Division into *Whigs* and *Tories*, and by declaring himself to be of one Side, he has made one half of the Nation his *heartly Friends* and *Admirers*. Thus at present we every Day meet with many Well-wishers to their Country, who having string'd up a Parcel of idle Stories against the Ministry, will, with a serious Face, run you over a long Catalogue of Grievances, which, if you examine more nearly, you will find to be entirely extracted out of *Mist's* Waggeries, by which he meant no farther Harm than to make out his weekly *Quantum*.

It were impossible for this worthy Patriot to preserve, even by all the eloquent Discourses prefix'd to his Paper, so universal an Interest as he has obtain'd in these Kingdoms, if he did not join to these another Excellency, which I think is peculiar to himself; I mean, his facetious Manner of commenting upon each Article of News. This sagacious Gentleman knows very well, that his elaborate
Essays

Essays are far above the Understandings of half of his Admirers; therefore he always takes care to gratify his inferior Body of Statesmen, by intermixing several Remarks with his Relation of Accounts both Foreign and Domestick; by which he *affords* us *great Speculation*. Thus we are often surpriz'd to find a common Accident, which in the Hands of our other News-mongers is of no Use to the Nation, improved by him into some important Piece of Advice either to the King or People. I could not help smiling the other Day to see the following Article set off with such a deep Reflection: * " They write from *Compeigne*, " that the young King is arriv'd there, " where he intends to sojourn for some " Time during the Congress at *Soissons*. " --- At his Entrance into the City, there " was no Speech made to him, with " which he seem'd well pleas'd.---- A " Circumstance that perhaps may check " the Power of Flattery; and it is hoped, " that some other Countries, that usual- " ly take their Customs from *France*, and " where that Disease is swell'd to a Tym-

* See *Mist's Journal*, *June* the 15th.

“pany, which every now and then
 “breaks 'out into something very nause-
 “ous, may be also cured by Example.”
 Lord! Lord! what a happy People would
 we be if this generous Patriot's Advice
 were but follow'd!— But, alas! Princes
 and Courtiers are strange positive Crea-
 tures, and are hardly ever brought to
 believe that an honest Printer or Book-
 seller may not see as far into Affairs as
 themselves, and instruct them in several
 Niceties of Government, which have
 escap'd their own Observation. Instead
 of ingenuously owning the Errors of
 which he proves them guilty, they please
 themselves with fond Railleries upon him,
 and have the Ignorance to say, that he
 would more advance his own and the
 Nation's Interest, if, instead of regulating
 State Affairs, and redressing our publick
 Grievances, he would diligently apply
 himself to range the Letters in their pro-
 per Orders, and correct the *Errata* of his
 own private Press. In short, his Friends
 and Admirers see of late, with Tears,
 that the weekly Admonitions which he
 so generously bestows upon the King,
 Lords, and Commons, are all entirely
 thrown away upon them; and that his
 Majesty still continues to be so blindly
 prejudiced in Favour of his Servants as
 to prefer them to those that have the
 Honour

Honour of Mr. *Mist*'s more wise Recommendation; that he has still the Misfortune to think those who generously resign'd their Offices as soon as they saw themselves render'd by the Dissentions of Parties incapable of serving their Prince with Honour, more worthy of his Royal Favours, than such as being justly discarded, had the Insolence to appear in Arms before their lawful Sovereign. The Case standing thus, I am afraid Mr. *Mist* must be contented to wrap himself up in the Consciousness of his own unrewarded Virtue, or, (as he has been pleas'd most elegantly to express himself about the last Parliament) to enjoy the noble Repast of a satisfied Mind.

Caleb D'Anvers at his first Appearance in Publick made as vigorous an Attack upon a certain *Great Man*, as the most exquisite Malice of a disappointed Rival could possibly inspire. His Lucubrations were then publish'd in a larger Size, but finding his Wit and Raillery pretty much exhausted, (as indeed his Subject of Grievances grew very scanty) he has since very prudently contracted them, and luckily taken the only Method to make them *immortal*, viz. by supplying us with fresh ones every Week. Yet even in those short Compositions he has
most

most strangely degenerated, and has not been able to produce any thing against his Antagonist, besides a Parcel of antiquated Orations, common Place Characters of corrupt Ministers who liv'd some thousands of Years ago; all which, however contrary to one another, he has jumbled together, and promiscuously applied to one Person. This has prov'd of bad Consequence to his Cause; for Men now begin to discover the Deceit, and find that any Character that was ever drawn of a bad Minister is as applicable to him as those of *Caleb's*; so that by endeavouring to make him like every Monster that came in his Way, he has at last prov'd him to be like none. But how impotent soever this Malice is in the End, yet methinks such an Attempt as this to abuse the Man in Gross, and kill every Virtue one by one, has something in it inconceivably barbarous: 'Tis pretty much of the same Strain with that Romantick Brag which *Hector* makes to *Achilles* in *Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida*:

—Henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.

Caleb, like the rest of his Brethren, that weekly retail Two-penny-worth of Scandal, and have the Fear of the Pillory before their Eyes, deals very much in Allegory. This way of Writing is of singular Use upon two Accounts: First, as it keeps the Author out of the Hands of a Messenger: Secondly, as it saves him the Trouble of that study'd Argumentation which is requisite to support a weak Cause, and throws a most useful Veil over his Dulness: In short, whilst he wraps himself up in Allegories, he attacks the Ministry with the same Security that old *Homer's* Heroes do one another — thro' a Cloud. But there is something so cowardly and base in this way of engaging with an Adversary, that one wou'd scarce believe that any one, who pretends to the Generosity of Temper that Mr. *D'Anvers* does, wou'd ever make use of it. But as our political Controversies are managed at present, the *British* Ministry may justly apply that celebrated Wish of *Ajax* to their own Condition;

If Greece must perish, we thy Will obey,

But let us perish in the Face of Day.

For we may observe, that whenever they have the Liberty of a fair Tryal in open Day-Light, they have never fail'd to come off with singular Honour and Applause. About the opening of the last Session of Parliament we had a remarkable Instance of this Nature. The whole Company of Scriblers open'd their Cry against *Secret Services, Bribery and Corruption, Embezzlement of the Publick Treasure, &c.* so solemnly, that one wou'd have imagin'd they had been preparing the Way for nothing less than a publick Impeachment: Instead of which, after a most strict Examination into Affairs, the Ministry had the Satisfaction of seeing their Reputation confirm'd, their Honesty attested by publick Representations and Acclamations of a happy People, and their poor disappointed Adversaries left to employ themselves in transcribing and translating old Speeches against corrupt Parliaments, and for another Summer to run their old Round of Common-place Essays.

This I take to be the true declining State of our political Essayists at present: But if there are yet any Persons, who still fancy that the many passionate Complaints which they make of Grievances, must certainly mean something, I wou'd

advise such to make a diligent Collection of all the Grievances which are related in those Papers, by which he will immediately discover the Deceit : He will then find, that all the Accusations they have rais'd of the Ministry's trusting to one Expedient of Government, *viz.* Money *, only shew that their Ignorance of the Methods of governing Mankind, is so great, that they cannot even conceive the Measures by which others perform that great Work : That the present Ministry have gain'd such an universal Approbation of Mankind, not by Bribery, but by preventing a whole Nation from being Bankrupt, by encouraging Trade, by reconciling of angry Men, and by pardoning *ungrateful* Fugitives. — These are the true Arts of Government ; all which our wise Journalists (to save themselves the Trouble of plodding) wou'd contract into that sordid Shift, *viz.* Bribery.

I shou'd here take my Leave of Politics, but that there is a Set of more pernicious Enemies to the Ministry, which I can't help touching upon, because I

* See the Answer to the *Occasional Writer*, p. 20. 21.

don't remember to have ever seen them taken Notice of before. I mean those good-natur'd Gentlemen who take upon them to defend and praise the Administration, without any Consideration of their own Abilities ; imagining that the Goodness of the Cause is sufficient Reason for their undertaking it. Thus our greatest Patriots frequently have the Mortification of seeing their noblest Actions mangled by the Hands of wretched Volunteers, their Virtues *staged* out (as *Shakespeare* expresses it) by fulsome Raptures and Exclamations, and themselves array'd in those Robes which belong to Majesty alone. This is of singular Service to their Adversaries upon two Accounts : First, as it gives them an Occasion of accusing them of assuming to themselves the Merits and Honours of their Prince, and of gaping after nauseous Flatteries ; Secondly, as they often take an Opportunity of ridiculing the Ministers themselves, as the suppos'd Authors of such mean Productions.

I have often thought that the Author of the *London Journal* is a much more dangerous Enemy to the present Ministry, which he (good Man !) endeavours to defend, than any other of our publick Writers. His Encomiums upon them are generally

generally so unfortunately flat and dull, that one can't help suspecting that he is sneering at them : So that if he has really an Affection for their Service, I wou'd advise him by all means to endeavour to satirize them ; for that is the only way he is capable of serving them.

** Different our Parties, but with equal Grace,
Our Goddes's smiles on Whig and Tory Race,
'Tis the same Rope at different Ends they twist,
To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.*

** Dunciad.*





S C H E M E

For Raising an

H O S P I T A L

FOR

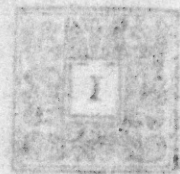
Decay'd P O E T S.



HAVE often wonder'd, that in so charitable and projecting an Age as the present, among all the various Donations which we daily hear of, there has never yet been any Provision made for the Gentlemen of the Quill that

that have worn themselves out in the Service of their Countrymen. For I believe there was never known in any Age or Country such a Number of those *Invalids* as are at this Day to be seen in *Great Britain*. What makes the Condition of those Gentlemen more melancholy, is, that when they are even at the weakest, they are possess'd with such an unhappy Delirium as renders them entirely ignorant of their Misfortunes; so that frequently when they look as frightful as Sprites, they cannot be with-held, by any Intreaties of their Friends, from *walking* abroad, to the great Disturbance of several of his Majesty's good Subjects. Having often regarded the miserable Condition of those Gentlemen with an Eye of Compassion, I cannot help drawing here a short Scheme of an Hospital for their Service, and recommending them to the Consideration of the next Alderman that wants to compound for his Sins: *And tho' this is but an imperfect Hint of such a Thing, yet however, I cannot but hope that my attempting of it may be an Encouragement for some able Pen to perform it with better Success.*

charitable and pious
as the practice among all the
tious Donations which we daily
out of, there has never yet been any pro-
vision made for the Gentlemen of the Quill
that



It

It is propos'd,

That a spacious Building be rais'd, much after the same Form with that of *Bedlam*, upon the most Romantick Situation that can be found near *London*.

That the Apartments be made much larger than they generally are in Buildings of this Nature, and that instead of the common Furniture of Rooms, the *Invalids* be entertain'd with the several different Prospects of Mount *Parnassus*, *Helicon*, &c.

That every vulgar Thing about them be distinguish'd by some Romantick Poetical Name; for Instance, let their Beer be presented to them as Nectar; and seeing very few of them (notwithstanding all their boasted Favours) can be supposed to have had so intimate an Acquaintance with the Muses as to remember them in their Sickness, let those venerable Old Women who are appointed to nurse them, wait upon them under that beloved Title: And we doubt not but this will prove a singular Comfort to their Old Age.

Having here given the most material Directions for the Regulation of this venerable Society, I come now to shew the

H

Symptoms

Symptoms by which we are to discover, when Authors ought to be receiv'd into the Hospital, and what Methods are to be used for their Cure. For, as I said before, they are generally so entirely ignorant of their own Condition, and their Friends are generally so partial towards them, that no Instructions of that Nature can possibly be too plain.

A Decay of Senses in an Author is discover'd either by his Behaviour towards himself, or his Fellow-Writers.

First, as to himself, we may observe that he, like other *lunatick* Persons, frequently attempts to commit that most execrable Sin of Self-Murder. Thus we see him one Week inflaming the Town with some furious Party Pamphlets, and the very next as zealously answering them. Such a one seems to retain the Virtue which the celebrated *Antæus* formerly possess'd, and recovers *Strength* from a *Fall*. However desperate the Case of those Gentlemen may seem to some, yet I can't help thinking, that upon removing them from their respective *Garrets* into our Hospital, and there allowing them an *easy Subsistence*, they may, without any other Severities, be perfectly recover'd of those *bloody Intentions*.

The Decay of an Author is likewise discover'd by his Behaviour towards his *Fellow Writers*. Thus we see that whenever he perceives himself to be upon the Decline, he endeavours, by all the little impotent Arts that he is Master of, to make his Fall undistinguish'd, by levelling all others with himself; which Malignity of Temper is something like that with which Persons infected with the Plague are possess'd; who are said to receive a particular Satisfaction from spreading the Contagion among the rest of their Fellow-Creatures.

This last is certainly one of the most dangerous Symptoms in the World, and is not to be cur'd by any other Way, but humouring and complying with the Patient in all his most extravagant Phrenzies. So that after he is admitted into the Hospital we must not deny him the Use of Pen, Ink, and Paper, but suffer him to make what *Ejectments* he pleases of his *purulent Metre*, and let him enjoy the Belief of its being publish'd to the World.

I shou'd here bid my Reader Farewell, but that I cannot conclude without congratulating Him, and all the rest of my Fellow-Writers, upon a late Accident which will certainly contribute much towards

wards the Ease and Happiness of their future Days. — Having found from the continual scandalous Libels which Mr. *Pope* has been publishing for these Six Months past, that without special Care the poor Gentleman wou'd be entirely lost, I apply'd to his Friends Mr. *Gay*, and Dr. *Swift*, to desire that he might be confin'd, to have the above-mention'd Medicine try'd upon him.

After I had long represented to them the Inconveniencies arising to the Publick from his *walking Abroad*, they at last, with Tears, consented to his Confinement at *Twickenham*, till such Time as the Hospital be finish'd.

Therefore seeing whatever Attacks this poor unfortunate Gentleman has, since the beginning of his Delirium, made upon the Reputations of our best Writers, have all prov'd entirely harmless ; it is desir'd, that laying aside all Animosities, they immediately send their Pictures and most perfect Writings to *Twickenham*, that they may there ease the unhappy Prisoner, by being burnt in *Effigy*. 6 FEB

— Best and fairest !

How art thou fallen !